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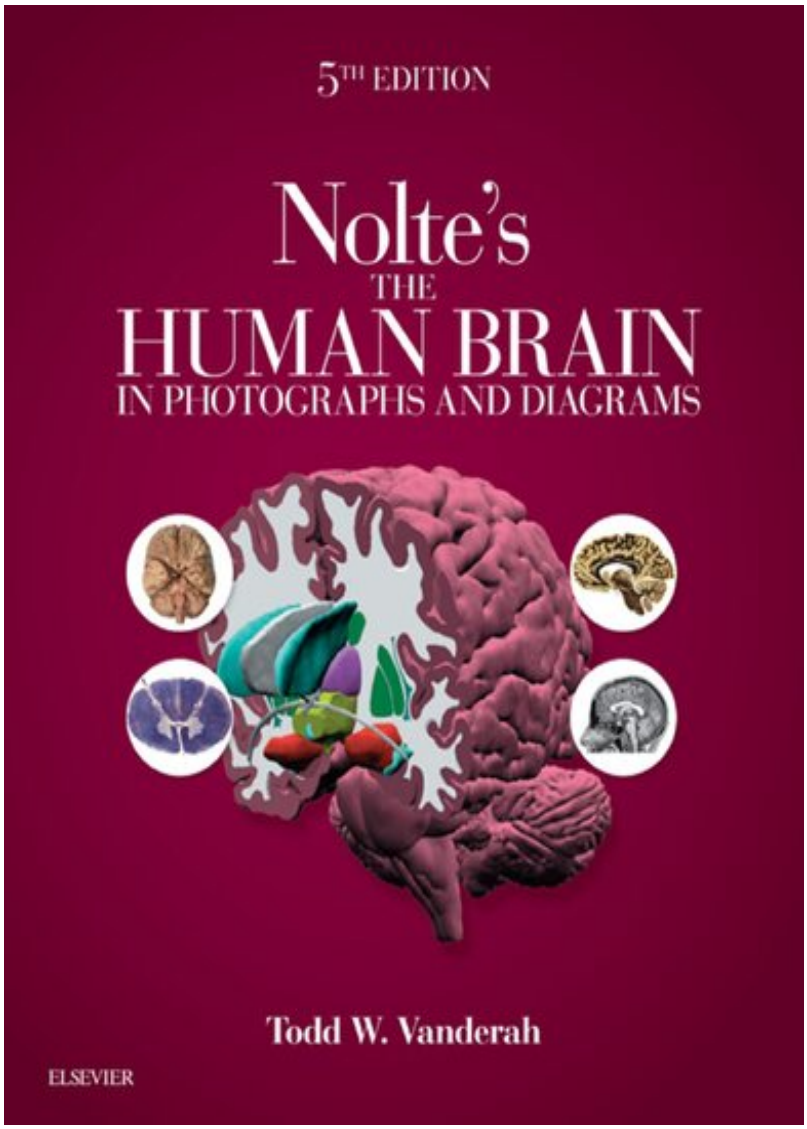

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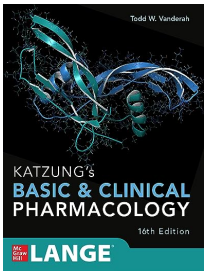

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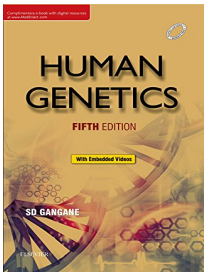

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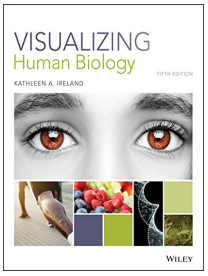

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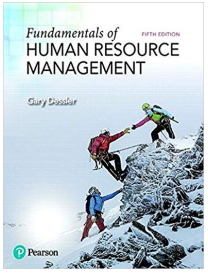

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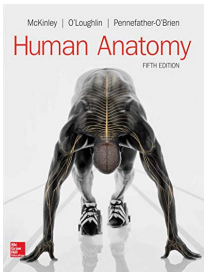

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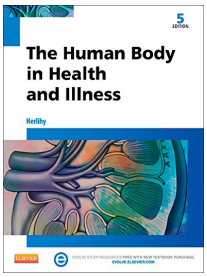

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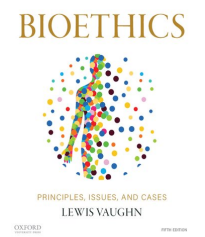

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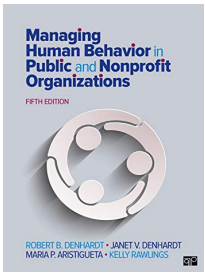
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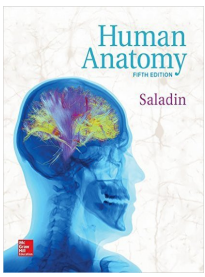

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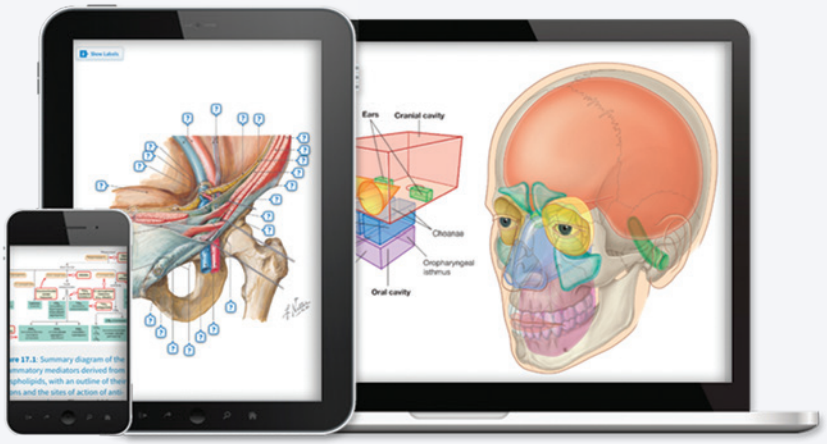

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5TH EDITION

Nolte's THE HUMAN BRAIN IN PHOTOGRAPHS AND DIAGRAMS

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To Our Students

Whose enthusiasm excites me to be a better teacher

Whose inquisitiveness drives me to dig deeper for answers

Whose joy to learn thrusts my dedication towards
the educational mission

Whose rich personalities demonstrate how the human
brain has incredible capability and compassion

-John Nolte, PhD, Todd W. Vanderah, PhD, and Jay B. Angevine Jr., PhD

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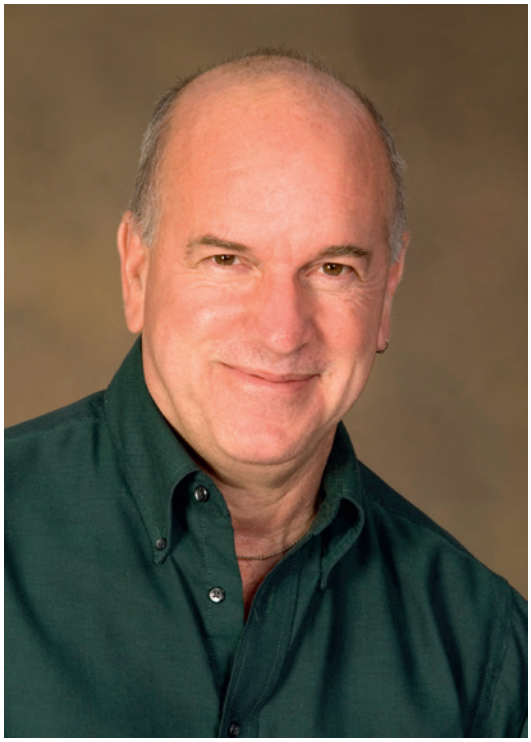

When it comes to learning the anatomy and basic functions of the human nervous system, John "Jack" Nolte has played a role as an author and/or a professor for hundreds of thousands of students, residents, and physicians. Jack viewed the human brain as an endlessly fascinating playground that is forever changing. His lifetime goal was not only to educate students but to educate future teachers as well. He continually scoured the primary literature and behaved with childhood excitement when discovering new explanations for human brain function. His own love and excitement for the nervous system would naturally bleed over to his students and colleagues, encouraging them to explore and question the human nervous system.

In working with Jack for over 15 years, my career and take on life changed from teaching as a "job" to teaching as an enjoyable hobby with benefits. His ability to make teaching fun, telling jokes and giving examples, led to an enriched student environment that resulted in students wanting more. Our meetings most often included discussions of how we could better educate students. Jack was on the cutting edge of designing "case-based" instruction, showing videos of patients for teaching purposes, having patients present in the classroom, and pushing ideas of working and taking exams as groups, using innovative technology, including the virtual brain and interconnected vocabulary terms across multiple fields of science. Jack's desire to create a textbook that was cutting edge yet to the point for learning purposes was his continual love. He shared with me chapters, images, and novel ideas while writing the next edition to continually produce a product that students would enjoy.

Our time together was not all work. Although most know him as a professor of the nervous system, Jack also enjoyed playing handball, woodworking, traveling, cooking, wonderful deep red wines, a martini with blue cheese olives, and the joy of eating oysters (things that often appeared in his textbook as examples of nervous system function). In closing, I dedicate this new edition to my teacher, colleague, and friend. I dearly miss Jack's enthusiasm for teaching, his humor, his friendship, and of course his infamous Birkenstocks.

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PREFACE

Learning about the functional anatomy of the human central nervous system (CNS) is usually a daunting task. Structures that interdigitate and overlap in three dimensions contribute to the difficulty, as does a long list of intimidating names, many with origins in descriptive terminology derived from Latin and Greek. Here we have attempted to make the task a little easier by presenting a systematic series of whole-brain sections in three different sets of planes (coronal, sagittal, and axial—similar to what is seen in medical imaging), by relating these sections to three-dimensional reconstructions, and by trying to restrain ourselves when indicating structures.

Unlabeled photographs are presented throughout the book, juxtaposed with faded-out versions of the same photographs with important structures outlined and labeled. This circumvents the common need to mentally superimpose a labeled drawing on a photograph or to inspect a photograph through a thicket of lead lines. Photos of the CNS are comprehensive sets in each plane; sections illustrating major structures or major transitions are shown in greater detail and at a higher magnification. Every labeled structure is discussed briefly in an illustrated glossary at the end of the book. For this edition, minor adjustments were made to sections and photographs throughout the book; the functional pathways in chapter 8 were redone in color; an important new imaging modality (diffusion tensor imaging) was added to Chapter 9; and a number of new illustrations were added to the glossary. Chapter 10 is brand new in this edition as an introduction to neuropathology. Common types of CNS derived tumors and neuro-diseases/disorders are displayed as representative images of what might be detected upon diagnosis.

The methods used in this book inevitably involve compromises. We labeled only structures that we believe are important for the knowledge base of undergraduate and professional students, and we omitted others dear to our hearts but perhaps not critical for these students. Hence the fasciola cinerea so prominent in Figure 7.8 is not labeled, and the indusium griseum is mentioned only briefly in a footnote. In addition, explicitly outlining structures required some simplifications, and complex entities are sometimes indicated more simply as single structures. We think the resulting pedagogical utility for students justifies these anatomical liberties.

Current technological methods allowed us to approach the construction of this atlas differently than we could have when it was first discussed. All the photographs of brains and sections used in the book were retouched digitally. Mounting medium, staining artifacts, and small cracks, folds, and scratches were removed from the digitized versions of the sections. The profiles of many small blood vessels were removed as well. The color balance was changed as appropriate to make the sections as uniform as possible. These procedures improved the illustrations aesthetically while leaving their essential content unchanged. In addition, computer-based surface-reconstruction techniques made possible the beautiful three-dimensional images that appear in Chapter 4 and elsewhere in the book.

John Nolte and Todd W. Vanderah

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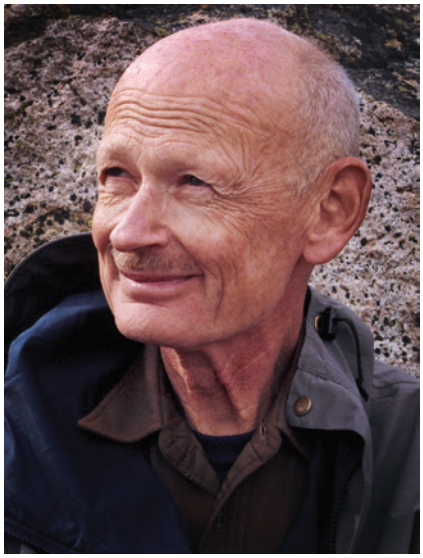
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This book could never have happened without the hard work and endless efforts of Jack Nolte. He loved to teach and mentor colleagues of which I am forever indebted. Many colleagues and friends have helped with previous versions of the book, and that work is presented in this edition, including the photographic expertise of Nathan Nitzky and Jeb Zirato in the UofA Biocommunications. Grant Dahmer and Dr. Norman Koelling of the UofA prepared the prosections shown in Chapter 1. The sections shown in Chapter 2 were cut by Shelley Rowley, and those in Chapter 3 by Pam Eller. John Sundsten produced the three-dimensional images shown in Chapter 4. Paul Yakovlev, as detailed shortly, was the central figure in the production of the sections shown in Chapters 5 through 7. Cody Thorstenson played a major role in retouching the images of these sections. Cheryl Cotman produced the three-dimensional reconstructions of the limbic system shown in Chapter 8. Drs. Ray Carmody, Robert Handy, Elena Plante, and Joe Seeger provided the images shown in Chapters 9 and 10. Drs. Agamanolis and Carmody supplied many of the pathology images in chapter 10 and helped with the description of the neuropathology.

I thank the co-author on the first three editions of this atlas, Jay B. Angevine Jr., who passed away in October 2011. Dr. Angevine was responsible for producing the whole-brain sections in Chapters 5 through 7.

Drs. Nolte and Angevine both had an infectious love for the central nervous system and its incredible capability. Their personalities and enthusiasm made learning about the nervous system fun and exciting. I hope this enjoyment for the nervous system feeds forward to future students of the human nervous system.

Todd W. Vanderah



Jay B. Angevine Jr.
June 29, 1928–October 18, 2011.

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A NOTE ON THE WHOLE-BRAIN SERIAL SECTIONS AND THEIR ORIGIN

As crucial as computer technology is to our book, the whole-brain serial sections are its foundation. They were prepared during 1966–1967 in the Warren Anatomical Museum at Harvard Medical School. The work, in which I took part, was performed under the direction of Dr. Paul I. Yakovlev (1894–1983), who was curator of the museum from 1955 to 1961 and then Emeritus Clinical Professor of Neuropathology until 1969. Each brain, embedded whole in celloidin, was sectioned in coronal, horizontal, or sagittal planes on a giant microtome with a standing oblique 36-inch blade and a sliding brain holder. The sections, each 35 µm thick, were rolled and stored in test tubes in a console of 100 numbered receptacles. After processing pilot sections for suitability and quality, we stained every twentieth section with Weigert's hematoxylin (Loyez method) for myelin and mounted it between sheets of window glass. Each preparation is thus about 4 mm thick, yet great depth and detail of cells and fibers are visible.

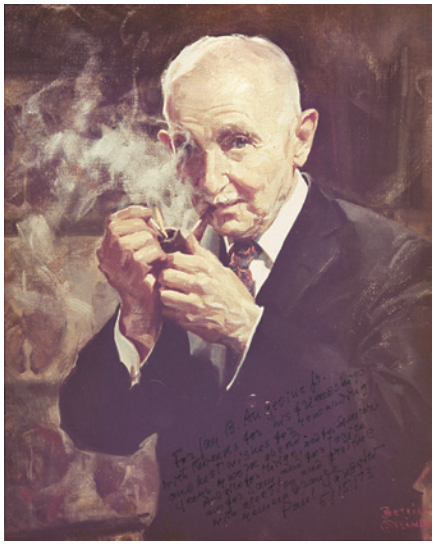
Such preparations illustrate the white matter and tracts of the brain by staining the myelin sheaths of axons black; gray matter and nuclei appear as more or less pale areas, depending on the number and caliber of myelinated fibers present. These sections, all from essentially normal brains, were added to an already huge collection representing more than 900 cerebra that Dr. Yakovlev had been building since 1930. Now a national resource known and available to neurological scholars worldwide, this priceless compilation known as the Yakovlev-Haleem Collection is graciously housed in the National Museum of Health and Medicine by the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology in Washington, DC. Today it comprises about 1600 specimens, normal and pathological, processed in a rigorously consistent manner from the start.

In mid-1967, with Dr. Yakovlev's blessing, I took with me to The University of Arizona some 1000 of the 8741 sections cut from the three normal brains used in Chapters 5 through 7 of this book. I had left Boston to join the faculty of the University's new College of Medicine in Tucson. Paul, my mentor from the time I came to Harvard in 1956, wanted to support me as I began teaching in a far-off land that he believed (perhaps correctly) to be a frontier: the "Wild West." As with everything else he did, it was thoughtful, kind, and generous. How he would have loved to see students studying the sections illustrated on these pages!

Unlike the fairly simple task of sectioning the brainstem, cutting perfect gapless whole-brain serial sections is difficult. The procedure was never more carefully undertaken or widely employed than by Paul, who used it at or in association with Harvard Medical School for 40 years. A central theme for him was this holistic method ("every part of the brain is there, nothing is left out…"), but no aspect of neuroanatomy or neuropathology failed to intrigue him. Although such sections had been made since the late 19th century (they are found in small numbers at many medical schools and in profusion at a few research institutes), Paul's are unique—in uniformity of preparation at every step from fixation to mounting, and in unity of general neurological interest and comparability. Of this legacy (he called it "over 40 tons of glass"), Derek Denny-Brown, Emeritus Professor of Neurology at Harvard, wrote in 1972: "The perspective given by serial whole brain sections provides at once an arresting view of anatomical relationships in patterns of striking beauty. After working in the collection for years, one still finds every occasion to view it illuminating and rewarding."

In 2000, artist-scientist Cheryl Cotman, computer programmer Kevin Head, and I, an anatomist, traced and digitized structures from the serial sagittal sections shown in this atlas. We made a computer reconstruction and large hologram (three by five feet) of the human limbic system. We are indebted to Cheryl for her help in selecting images from her large collection of color-coded overall and regional views of the system. We are enlightened by her discovery that several limbic structures are quite differently shaped than traditionally believed. Although Paul and I would find this hard to accept, we would accept her fantastic findings with glee and laughter.

-Jay B. Angevine Jr.



Paul I. Yakovlev, MD
1894–1983.
An autographed copy of an oil portrait of Paul Yakovlev by Bettina Steinke. The original portrait was presented to the Warren Anatomical Museum at Harvard Medical School in 1978. (Courtesy the Warren Museum in the Francis A. Countway Library of Medicine, Boston, Massachusetts.)

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1

External Anatomy of the Brain

This atlas emphasizes views of the interior of the human **central nervous system (CNS)**, sectioned in various planes. Here in the first chapter we lay some of the groundwork for understanding the arrangements of these interior structures by presenting the surface features with which they are continuous, and by giving a broad overview of the components of the CNS.

The CNS is composed of the **spinal cord** and the **brain**, the major components of which are indicated in Fig. 1.1. The human brain is dominated by two very large **cerebral hemispheres**, separated from each other by a deep **longitudinal fissure**. Each hemisphere is convoluted externally in a fairly consistent pattern into a series of **gyri**, separated from each other by a series of **sulci** (an adaptation that makes more area available for the cortex that covers each cerebral hemisphere). Several prominent sulci are used as major landmarks to divide each hemisphere into five **lobes**[a]—**frontal**, **parietal**, **occipital**, **temporal**, and **limbic**—each of which contains a characteristic set of gyri (Figs. 1.3 to 1.8). The two hemispheres are interconnected by a massive bundle of nerve fibers, the **corpus callosum,** and two smaller bundles of fibers called the **anterior** and **posterior commissures**. Finally, certain areas of gray matter are embedded in the interior of each cerebral hemisphere. These include major components of the **basal ganglia** (or, more properly, basal nuclei) and **limbic system** (primarily the **amygdala** and **hippocampus**). They are apparent in the brain sections shown in Chapters 5 through 7.

The cerebral hemispheres of humans are so massive that they overshadow or almost conceal the remaining major subdivisions of the brain—the **diencephalon** (made up of the thalamus, hypothalamus, epithalamus), **brainstem**, and **cerebellum**. Hemisecting a brain in the midsagittal plane, as in Fig. 1.1B, reveals these components.

The diencephalon (literally the "in-between brain") is interposed between each cerebral hemisphere and the brainstem. The diencephalon contains the left and right **thalamus**, major waystations for information seeking access to the cerebral cortex; the **hypothalamus**, a major control center for visceral and drive-related functions; and the epithalamus, which includes the pineal gland and a set of nuclei called the habenula.

The brainstem, continuous caudally with the spinal cord, serves as a conduit for pathways traveling between the cerebellum or spinal cord and more rostral levels of the CNS. It also contains the neurons that receive or give rise to most of the **cranial nerves**.

The cerebellum (literally the "little brain") is even more intricately convoluted than the cerebral hemispheres, to make room for an extensive covering of its own cortex. It plays a major role in the planning and coordination of movement. A deep **transverse fissure** (normally occupied over most of its extent by the **tentorium cerebelli**) separates the cerebellum from the overlying occipital and parietal lobes and then continues deeper into the brain, partially separating the diencephalon from the cerebral hemispheres.

[a]In addition, the **insula**, an area of cerebral cortex buried deep in the **lateral sulcus** (see Fig. 5.7A), is usually considered as a separate lobe.

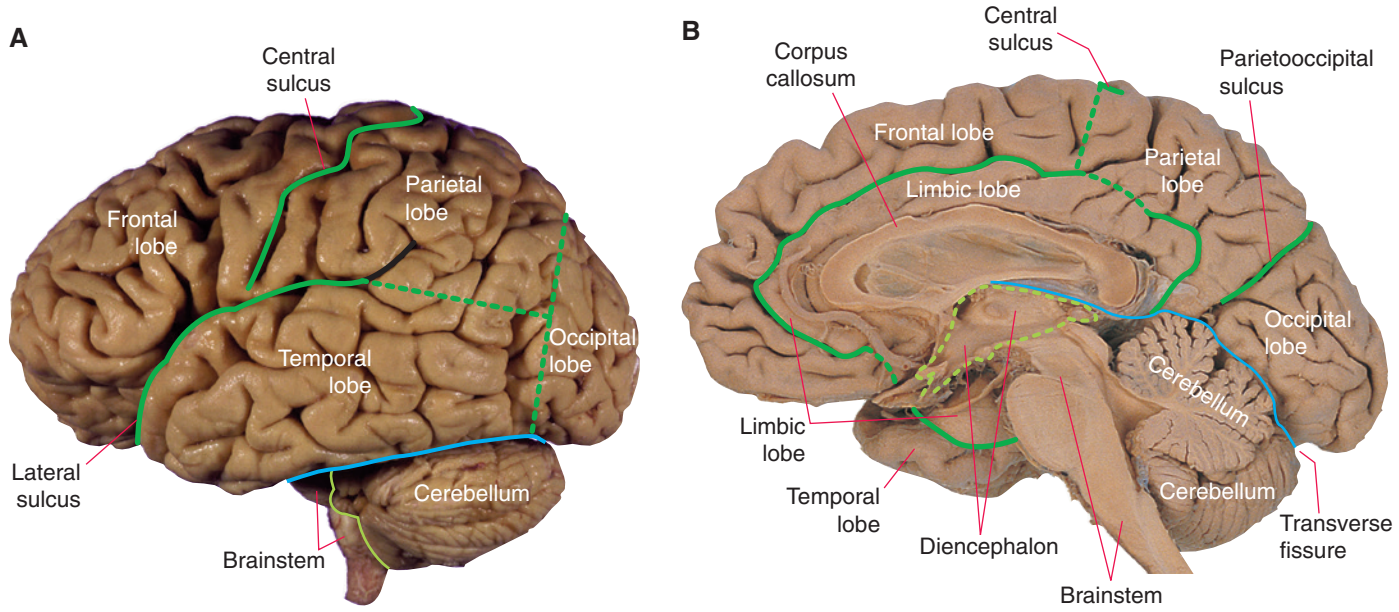

Figure 1.1 Lateral and medial surfaces of the brain. **(A)** The left lateral surface of the brain; anterior is to the left. **(B)** The medial surface of the right half of the sagittally hemisected brain; anterior is to the left. (Dissections by Grant Dahmer, Department of Cell Biology and Anatomy, The University of Arizona College of Medicine.)

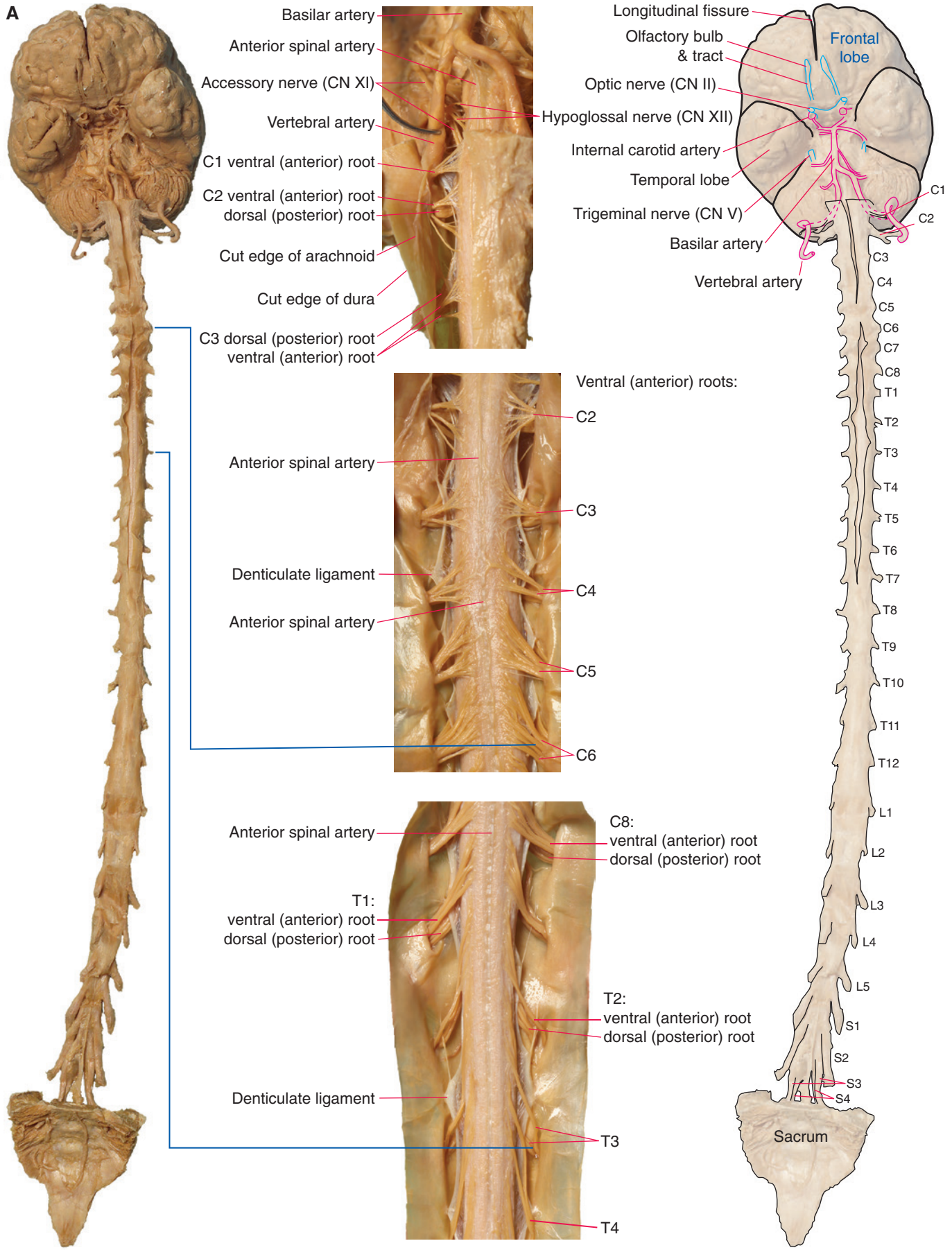

Figure 1.2 A masterful dissection of the entire CNS, with the spinal cord still encased in dura mater and arachnoid. **(A)** The anterior/inferior surface. Regions enlarged in the *insets*, after the dura mater and arachnoid were spread apart.

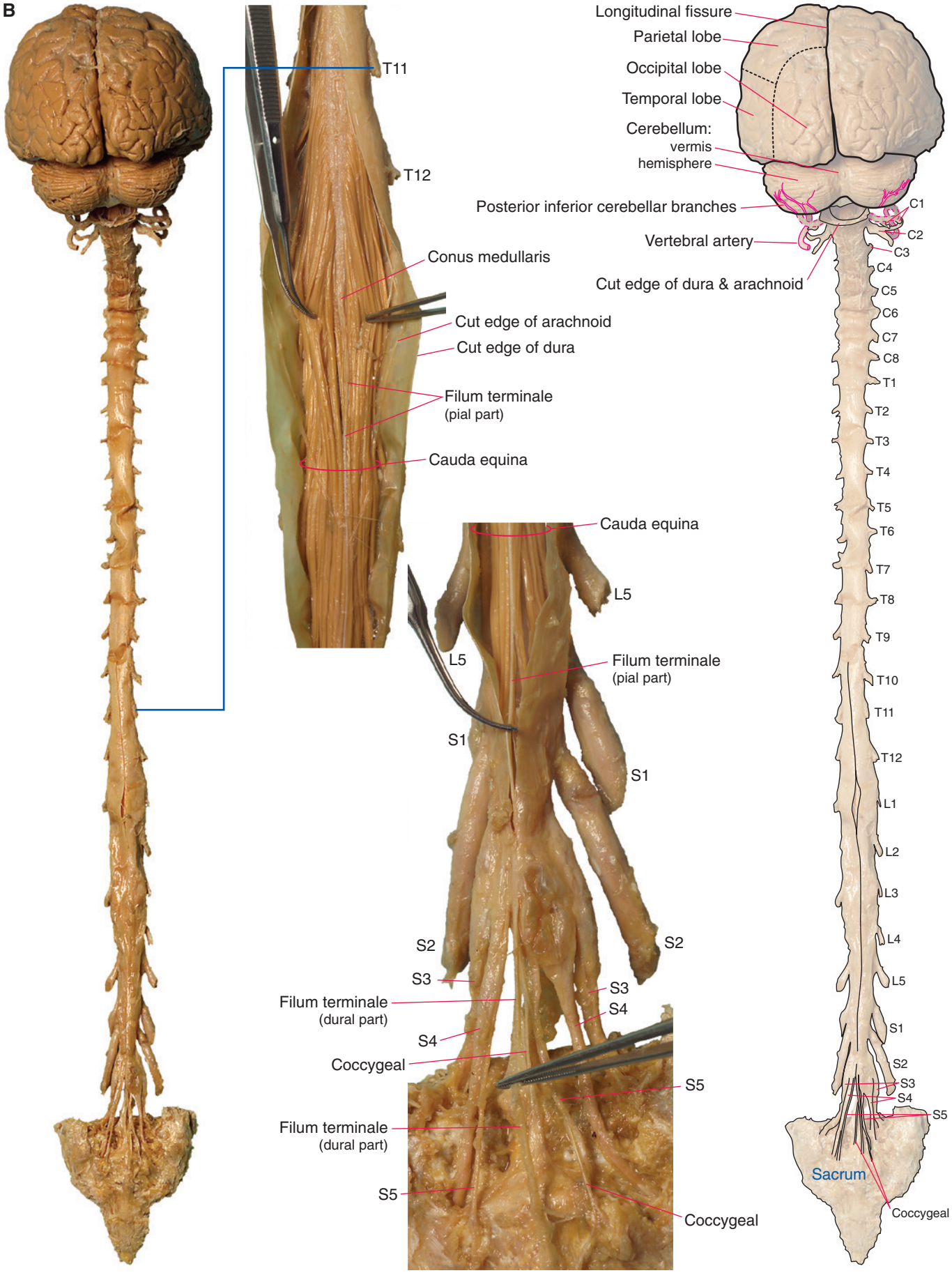

Figure 1.2 (Continued) **(B)** The posterior surface of the entire CNS. The cauda equina and the caudal end of the spinal cord, enlarged in the insets after the dura mater and arachnoid were spread apart. (Dissection by Dr. Norman Koelling, Department of Cell Biology and Anatomy, The University of Arizona College of Medicine.)

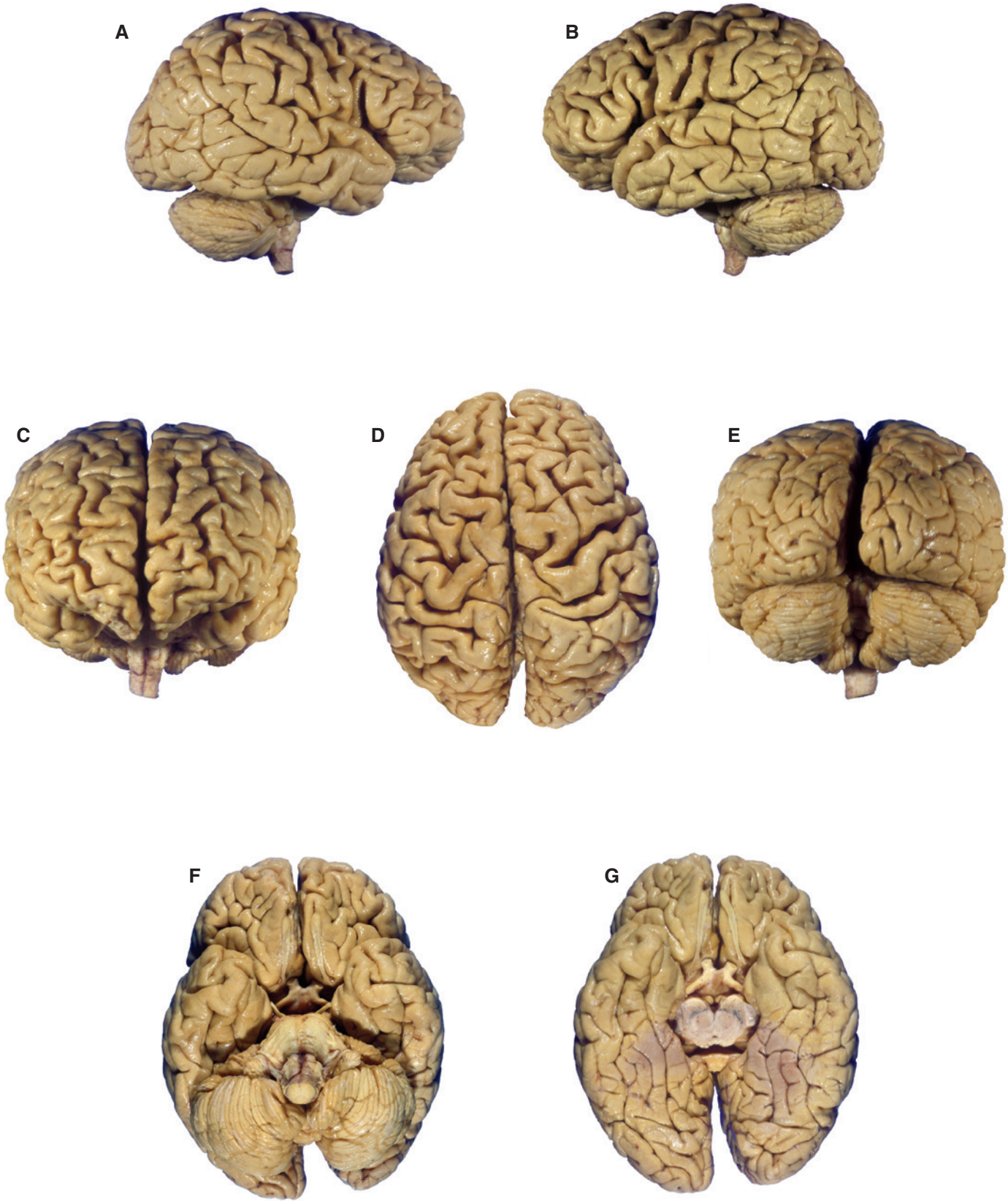

Figure 1.3 Multiple views of a brain. Only major structures are labeled here. **(A)** The right lateral surface (anterior toward the right). **(B)** The left lateral surface (anterior toward the left). **(C)** The anterior surface. **(D)** The superior surface (anterior toward the top of the page). **(E)** The posterior surface. **(F)** The inferior surface (anterior toward the top of the page). **(G)** The same inferior surface after removal of the cerebellum and most of the brainstem; the latter are shown in more detail in Fig. 1.9.

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Exploring the Variety of Random Documents with Different Content

CHAPTER XXII

THE ARK

I HAD now been two years in London, at the same place, and though my literary efforts had not been very successful, I must confess that the conditions had not been the most unfavourable for study; and, no doubt, I had cultivated my mind not a little by the reading of standard works. The conditions of this place could not have been bettered by a person of such small means, and probably I would have continued living here until I met with some success, had I not known of one who would be thankful of a couple of shillings a week, and resolved to make a little sacrifice that would enable me to send them. To do this it was necessary to seek cheaper lodgings where, rent not being so high, this amount could be saved. I had heard something of such a place in Southwark which was under the control of the Salvation Army. A bed was to be had there for two shillings per week, therefore one and sixpence would be saved at the onset, as I was now paying three and sixpence. Following my first impulse, as usual, but with much regret at having to leave a place where I had not by any means been unhappy, I gathered up my few things and left, and that night settled in Southwark Street.

Speaking after six months' experience at the Salvation Army Lodging House, I am very sorry that I have nothing at all to say in its favour. Of course, it was well understood by the lodgers, whatever people on the outside thought, that no charity was dispensed on the premises. Certainly the food was cheap, but such food as was not fit for a human being. I do not know whether the place came under the

control of the London County Council, being regarded as a charitable institution, or whether, in case of a surprise visit from its inspectors, beds were removed in the day: what I do know from experience is this, that it was with difficulty that a man could find room between the beds to undress. A row of fifteen or twenty beds would be so close together that they might as well be called one bed. Men were breathing and coughing in each other's faces and the stench of such a number of men in one room was abominable. I was fortunate in having a bed next to the wall, to which I could turn my face and escape the breath of the man in the next bed.

The officers in charge were, according to my first opinion, hypocrites; which seemed to be verified some time after from Head Quarters, for both the Captain and his Lieutenant were dismissed from the Army. However, the Captain was well liked by the lodgers, and I have often seen him assist them out of his own private purse.

As for the Lieutenant, he was very gentle and fervent in prayer, more so than any man I have ever heard, but in conversation he had not a civil word for any one, except, of course, his superior officer. He sometimes made his deceit so apparent that I have been forced to laugh out. When the Captain arrived at night, or in the morning—he was a married man and did not live on the premises—he would stand with his back to the restaurant bar, looking down the long room at the faces of his many lodgers. It was at such a time that when I have looked up from my meal, I have been surprised, and not a little startled, to see this Lieutenant's pale thin face looking down through a glass window, eager to see what his superior officer was doing. So engrossed would he be that he would entirely forget that he exposed his deceit to the eyes of a number of men who had their faces turned towards him. Sometimes he would creep tiptoe to the kitchen door and peep in for an instant, and then creep back to the office. I have often wondered that the Captain never turned and surprised him in these doings, for there was not a lodger in the house that had not one time or another seen him perform them.

On Sunday afternoons, these two, the Captain and his Lieutenant, would conduct a meeting; the latter commencing it with a short prayer, after which the former would preach a sermon which was, I must confess, often interesting, and invariably eloquent. In all my life I have never heard a more pathetic address and prayer than that which was delivered by this Captain, on one of these Sunday afternoons. It so chanced that in this place there lived a poor half demented lodger, who was known by the name of Horace, whose profession was that of a flower seller. Every night this man would dress and garland himself with his unsold flowers, and return home drunk to the Ark. Now, this man suddenly disappeared, and, at the same time, a man committed suicide from London Bridge, which was well known to be the haunt of the man Horace. Whereat the following Sunday our Captain preached a funeral oration, giving for our interest the few facts he had gleaned from the past life of the deceased, who, the Captain affirmed, had received a good education and had come of a respectable family. The Captain wept copiously, being overcome by his feelings, and the Lieutenant approved and encouraged him by an unusual number of sighs and broken sobs. The meeting then ended with an earnest prayer for the soul of the drowned Horace. About six days after this meeting had taken place, there came to the Ark a man drivelling and laughing idiotically, with wreaths and posies all over his person—no other than the lamented Horace. The Captain came out of his office, followed by his Lieutenant. The Captain looked at Horace with a melancholy annoyance; the Lieutenant looked first at his superior officer and, after receiving his expression into his own face, turned it slowly on Horace. The Captain then turned slowly on his heels, at the same time shaking his head, and, without saying a word, returned to the office, while his subordinate followed him in every particular. Never, after this, did this Captain treat Horace as a living man, and all chaff and familiar conversation was at an end between them. How the Captain came to the belief that the drowned suicide was Horace, the flower seller, was very strange, for this man was known to mysteriously disappear several times in the year, he, invariably, like the drowned man he was supposed to be, coming to the surface on

the seventh day, seven days being the extreme penalty of his simple and eccentric behaviour.

There was no lack of strictness at this place; whether a man was ill or not, whether it rained, snowed or hailed, every lodger was compelled to quit the premises at ten o'clock in the morning, after which it would remain closed for cleaning purposes until one o'clock. And yet there was not a man in the house could keep himself clean. It was not thought necessary to close other establishments of this kind, that were not connected with the name of religion, which were kept cleaner without making the lodgers suffer any inconvenience. Why things should be carried on in this high handed fashion I cannot understand, seeing that there was not the least charity doled out. Whatever good the Salvation Army did for the homeless and penniless in their shelters, they certainly did not cater well for these poor, but independent, fellows whose wages ranged from a shilling to eighteenpence a day—being paper-men, sandwichmen, toy-sellers, etc., who receive nothing but what they paid for.

I had been at this place something like four months, when I determined to make another attempt at publication. My plans at this time seemed to be very feasible, for I gave them a full half year for execution. I applied at the local police station for a pedlar's certificate, intending to stock myself with laces, pins, needles and buttons with which I would hawk the country from one end to the other. At the end of this time I would be some ten pounds in pocket, the result of not drawing my income, and would, no doubt, save between nine and ten shillings a week as a hawker. Being very impulsive, I proposed starting on this interesting business at once, but one idea—which could not for long be overlooked—brought me to a halt: my artificial leg would certainly not stand the strain of this enforced march from town to town on the country roads, that were so often rough and uneven. For even now it was creaking, and threatened at every step to break down. On mentioning these difficulties to a fellow lodger, he at once advised me to go to the Surgical Aid Society for a wooden leg, of the common peg sort;

which, he was pleased to mention, would not only be more useful for such a knockabout life, but would not deceive people as to my true condition. This society was visited by me on the following day; at which place I was informed that fifteen subscription letters would be required for my purpose, and after paying sixpence for a subscription book, in which were the names and addresses of several thousand subscribers, I lost no time in buying stamps and stationery. Eighteen letters were without loss of time written and posted to their destination. These eighteen succeeded in bringing in two subscription letters, several letters of regret from people who had already given theirs away; several of my letters were returned marked "not at home," and a number of them elicited no response. Twelve more letters were quickly despatched, with the result of one subscription letter. To be able to do this I was forced to use the small weekly allowance that I had been making. In six weeks I had written nearly a hundred letters and was still several letters short of my allotted number. I again consulted my fellow lodger, who had at first referred me to the Surgical Aid Society, and his explanation was, undoubtedly, reasonable and true. He explained that not only was the time of the year unfavourable, it being summer, and most of the subscribers were away from home on their holidays—but, unfortunately, the South African war was still in progress, and numbers of soldiers were daily returning from the front in need of artificial assistance one way or another. Although I ruminated with some bitterness on the idea that I would almost pay in postage the value of that which I required, before it became mine, I still had enough common-sense to see that no one was actually to blame. Several letters were received, offering to assist me on certain conditions. One lady would assist on a clergyman's recommendation, and another subscriber would have no other than a Roman priest. I offered to get these ladies a Salvation Army Officer's recommendation, which, apparently, would not do, for our correspondence came to an end. One lady, who did not recognise the house of Salvation under the address of 96 Southwark Street, regretted that she had already given her letters away, but advised me to go to the Salvation Army, who would most certainly attend to

my wants. I explained to this person that I was already at one of their places, and had been here over five months; and that I had not been seen drunk in the place, and that my behaviour had not, at any time, raised objections, also that I was on the most friendly terms with the officer in charge; but that I could live here for many years to come, and no man would enquire my wants or offer to assist me.

One afternoon, when I returned to the Ark, after having been out all day, I was surprised to hear from a lodger that two gentlemen had been there that afternoon to see me. After which another lodger came forward with the same information, and still another, until I was filled with curiosity to know who those gentlemen could be. "What did they look like?" I asked one. "Like solicitors," he answered. "What kind of looking men were they?" I asked of another. "Very much like lawyers," he answered at once. "Don't forget to remember yer old pals," chimed in another, "when yer come into the property." First I examined my mother's side of the family, and then my father's, but could find no relative, near or distant, at home or abroad, whose death would be likely to befriend me. At last I went to the office, but found this place closed, the Lieutenant being out walking, and the Captain not yet having arrived. Never in my life did I have such an excitable half hour as this. When I saw the Captain coming forward, smiling, with an envelope in his hand, I went to meet him, and, taking the letter in my own hand, began to examine its outside. "Of course," said the Captain, "you know who it is from?" "Not the least idea," I said, "how should I?", and proceeded to open it. It was a short note, with a request that I should call on the Charity Organisation, between the hours of ten and eleven a. m. on the day following. The Captain went back to his office, and I sat down, thinking of what this would amount to. Again I decided to consult the Canadian, the lodger who had first mentioned to me the Surgical Aid Society. "As to that," said this man, "it's a wonder to me that you have not run foul of these people before now. My friend, who sells papers in the city, was continually meddled and interfered with by these people, but they gave him no assistance, although they seemed curious to know all

about him." This information surprised me not a little, but I came to the conclusion that the Canadian's friend was addicted to drink and other bad habits, and was an undeserving case.

The next morning I arose, lighthearted in anticipation of hearing something to my good, and was leaving the house when I saw the Captain standing at the front door. Feeling some misgiving, I turned to this gentleman and asked him point blank—what was his opinion of the Charity Organisation. "Well," he replied slowly, "to give you my candid opinion—although I may be mistaken—the object of the Charity Organisation is not so much to give alms, as to prevent alms being wasted." How I remembered these words in the light of my after experience with these people!

At ten o'clock punctually, I was at their office in the Borough Road, and was at once shown into a side room, where I sat waiting patiently, for an hour. At last a gentleman in black came forward, saying, very politely—"Mr. Davies, will you please come this way." I followed him up two or three flights of stairs, and we entered a quiet room on the top floor. Seating himself at a table, and taking pencil and paper, he then asked me to be seated and began. "Mr. Davies," he said, "I have received a letter from a lady who has become interested in your case, and wishes to better your conditions. So as to answer this lady, it is necessary to know something of yourself, for which reason I propose asking you a few questions, which, of course, you need not answer except you think proper." This he proceeded to do, at the same time making notes of my answers. After answering a dozen or more questions truthfully, dealing with particulars of my family, and my past life—he brought the case up to that time. "Surely," he said, "you do not live on eight shillings a week. I should have thought that to be impossible." "As for that," I answered, "not only has that sum been sufficient for myself, but I have been able to make another an allowance of two shillings a week, but have not been able to do so since I applied to the Surgical Aid Society." "Now tell me what is the matter with that leg?" asked this gentleman. "I should have thought that it would last for another

two years at least. Excuse me, did you get that through the Society?" "No," I said, "it cost me twelve pounds, ten shillings, when I could ill afford the money, but, unfortunately, I knew nothing then of the Surgical Aid Society." "The Society, no doubt, does a large amount of good," continued this gentleman, "but I don't altogether agree with their methods. You have written quite a number of letters?" he asked; "and I don't suppose any of the subscribers helped you with the postage, sending you a trifle to defray expenses?" At this point he made a long pause, and I began to tell him that all the help I had received was from a gentleman who, having no letters left to assist me with, had very considerately sent twelve stamps to help my correspondence. The Charity Organisation showed much interest at this point of the conversation, and said that he thought quite a number of subscribers would have done the same. "As I have already said," he continued, "I don't altogether agree in the methods of the Surgical Aid Society; their cases are maintained too long without result, and allows too good an opportunity for writing begging letters." Not even now could I see the drift of this man's questions—that he suspected me of being an impostor, of writing begging letters. Yes, I, who was bitter at having to bear all this expense, and was grieved at having to withhold two shillings a week from one who was very poor, so that I might be enabled to do so. "How many letters do you now need?" he asked. "Two," I answered, "but I don't intend to be at any further expense in postage; I will take in what letters I have already received, and explain to the Surgical Aid Society the difficulty I have had in trying to obtain the requisite number." This ended our interview, and I went away satisfied that the Charity Organisation would come to my rescue in the near future. But I did not again hear from them for over two years, which will be explained in another chapter. How they answered the kind lady who had become interested in me, I cannot say, but it could not have been other than to my discredit.

The day following this interview, three letters were at the, office, all three coming by the first post. One of them contained a subscription letter, so that I now only lacked one of the required number. One of

the other letters came from the Surgical Aid Society, saying that a subscriber had forwarded to them a letter to be entered to my account, and that if I would call at their office with the letters I then had, the Society would make up the number deficient. The required number was now made up, without having need to draw on the Society. I now took these letters to their office, and in a day or two received the article which had caused me so much bother in writing letter after letter, and such an expense in postage. By a sad irony, the worry and expense was by no means at an end, as I had expected. People were now returning from the continent, and other places where they had spent their summer holidays. Letters came to me daily from people returning home. Some of my own letters, which had been posted three, four, five and six weeks before, were now being considered. Several subscription letters came to hand—too late for use. Others wrote asking if I was still in need of assistance. I was now at as great an expense as ever, returning these subscription letters with thanks; and writing to others to tell them that I had now succeeded in obtaining the required number. Letters were still coming when I left the Ark for the country; and, it was told me afterwards, that a goodly number had come, been kept for a number of days, and returned during my absence.

I was more determined than ever to tramp the country until I was worth thirty pounds, for an offer had again been made by a publisher, during my stay at the Ark, and this offer was much the same as the other. Seeing that there was no other way of getting this amount than by hawking the country, I determined to set out as soon as possible. So, when my business with the Surgical Aid Society was at an end, I spent three or four shillings on laces, needles, pins, buttons, etc., and started with a light heart and not too heavy a load. The Canadian, who had had some experience in this kind of life, prophesied good results from it, adding that a man situated the same way as I was, need carry no other stock in trade than that which I had received from the Surgical Aid Society, and that success was assured, on that very account.

CHAPTER XXIII

GRIDLING

IT was a beautiful morning in September when I left the Ark with every prospect of fulfilling this mission. As I advanced towards the country, mile after mile, the sounds of commerce dying low, and the human face becoming more rare, I lost for the time being my vision of the future, being filled with the peace of present objects. I noted with joy the first green field after the park, the first bird that differed from the sparrow, the first stile in the hedge after the carved gate, and the first footpath across the wild common that was neither of gravel nor ash. I had something like nine shillings in my pocket, and I felt that business was out of the question as long as any of this remained. Reaching St. Albans on the first night, I walked through that town, and, making a pillow of my pack, lay down on the wild common. It seemed as though extra bodies of stars had been drafted that night into the heavens to guard and honour the coming of age of a beautiful moon. And this fine scene kept me awake for two or three hours, in spite of tired limbs. This seemed to me a glorious life, as long as summer lasted and one had money to buy food in towns and villages through which he passed. For three or four days I walked and idled, standing on culverts and watching the water burst from darkness into light; listening to the birds; or looking at a distant spire that was high enough, and no more, to show that a quiet town was lying there under a thousand trees.

I reached Northampton, and it was in this town that I intended to start business on the following day, though I still had a few shillings

left, having slept in the open air since leaving London. With this object I proceeded to examine my pack, with the intention of filling my pockets with the different wares, to draw them forth one or two at a time, as they would be needed. So, that night, previous to the great business that was to be transacted on the following day, I sought a quiet corner in the lodging house, and began to unroll my paper parcel. As I proceeded to do this, it seemed to me that the inner part of the parcel was damp, and then I remembered the two or three heavy showers that we had on the second day of my travels. On a further examination I discovered, to my horror, that the goods were entirely unfit for sale; that the parcel had been so bent and misshapen one way and the other, during my night's repose, that the needles had cut through their rotten packets, and were stuck in the pin papers, and that a great number of pins had concealed their whole bodies in the needle packets, showing plainly the guilty tops of their heads. The laces were twisted and turned, and their tags were already rusted. This was a great blow to me, as there seemed nothing else to do but send home for the few shillings that had now become due. But on second thoughts I made up my mind to travel without stock of any kind, not doubting but what I would rise to the emergency after the last penny had been expended, and I was under the force of necessity. Thinking Northampton too large a town in which to starve, I determined to remain here until my funds were exhausted, when desperation would urge me to action. With this idea I took life very easily for a couple more days, even inviting poverty by being unusually extravagant, going to the extreme of buying milk for my tea. But when I became reduced to the last sixpence, I decided to make all speed to Birmingham, as the resources of that city, it being so much larger, would be a better place to serve my wants.

Starting on this journey, without any more delay, I was soon going into the town of Rugby, tired, penniless, and hungry. What was I to do? Something had to be done, and that at once. I had to face the horrible truth that I was now on the verge of starvation. Whilst busy with these unpleasant thoughts, I heard a voice shout to me from

the roadside, and, looking in that direction, saw a man sitting in the grass, eating from a paper parcel, which was half spread before him. On going over to see what this man wanted, I found an apparently tall man and large in proportion, who was dressed in seedy looking clothes, which were torn and patched in a good many places. In fact, something seemed to have been gnawing night after night at the bottom of his trousers, taking advantage of him in his sleep, for these hung in tatters and rags just below the calves of his legs. The man had a freckled face, which was almost lost in an abundance of red hair, and his head was as thick with the same. What helped to make his appearance strange, and perhaps ridiculous, was a schoolboy's small cap to cover the crown of such a large head. "Have a mouthful of this," he said, inviting me to partake of some bread and meat. "It is dry eating, I must say, but, as we go into Rugby, we can wash it down with a pint or two of beer." I thanked him for his kindness, and, accepting his invitation, seated myself on the grass. "What's in your bundle," he asked, looking askance at a small brown paper parcel, which contained a clean shirt, socks and a handkerchief, "are you selling anything?" I explained to him that I was a licensed hawker, but had not yet been long enough at the business to make a success of it. "What," he cried with some surprise, "a one legged man not to be successful? I get all I want by just opening of my mouth," although he added with some scorn, "I know that some people cannot beg unless they have something in their hands to sell. But if you travel with me, all you will have to do is to pick up the coppers."

After I had finished eating, he proposed to set off immediately; and, as we walked leisurely along, I wondered how it was possible for a big healthy fellow like this to be able to exist in any other manner than by selling. On coming to the first public house he politely invited me to enter, which I did, when he called for two pints of beer. He then became communicative, telling me he was a gridler, and a good one too; which I understood to mean a grinder, although I had not seen tools of any description either in his hands or in his pockets. He paid for two or three pints of beer in quick succession,

and, not having had much drink for a considerable time, I began to feel somewhat elated, and began to make a laughing joke of my circumstances. "Now," said this man, "to business; for we must get the price of our beds and a little breakfast for the morning, not to mention the night's supper. All you have to do," he said again, "is to pick up the coppers as they come." Wondering what these words could mean, I followed him, on this pleasant afternoon, up several side streets, until we came to the end of one very long street, which had respectable looking houses on either side of the road. My strange companion walked several yards down this street, and then came to a sudden halt in the middle of the road. "Now," said he, for the third or fourth time, "all you have to do is to pick up the coppers. I ask you to do no more; except," he added, grinning rather unpleasantly, "except to see that we are not picked up by the coppers." His joke appeared simple enough, and I could not fail to understand it, but it was not at all to my relish. The last named coppers were police officers, who would be likely to take hold of us for illegally appropriating the copper coins of the realm. "Are you going to pick up the coppers?" he asked a little impatiently, seeing me standing irresolute and undecided as to what to do. Scarcely knowing how to answer him, I said that if I saw any coppers he need have no fear but what I would pick them up. "All right, that's good," he said, at the same time moving several feet away from me. I stood still watching these mysterious movements, and thinking of the coppers, wondering from what source they would be supplied. He now turned his back, without more ado, and, setting his eyes on the front windows before him, began, to my amazement, to sing a well known hymn, singing it in the most horrible and lifeless voice I have ever heard. In spite of the drink, which had now taken effect, making my head swell with stupidity, I still felt an overwhelming shame at finding myself in this position. I stood irresolute, not knowing whether to wait the result of this, or to leave him at once with short ceremony. But, whilst ruminating in this frame of mind, I heard a window open with a loud creak, saw the shaking of a fair hand, and then heard a copper coin fall on the hard earth within a yard of where I stood. Being penniless I was nothing loth to take

possession of this coin, and had scarcely done so, when a front door opened on the other side of the street, and a fat florid old gentleman appeared and beckoned me across to him. Going immediately to this gentleman, I received twopence and, after thanking him, joined my companion in the road. Now, as I belong to a race of people that are ever prone to song, whether it be in a public house or a prayer meeting, it will not surprise many to know that ere long I was making strong attempts to sing bass to this man's miserable treble, and only ceased to do so when it became necessary to stoop and pick up the coppers, which continued to come in at the rate of two to the minute. The effect of my voice on my companion was immediately apparent. His limbs shook, his knees bent and knocked together, and his voice quivered and quavered with a strong emotion. He was now singing another well-known hymn, better known perhaps than the last; and what with his tall form bent double to half its height, and the wringing of his hands in despair—a poor wretch who was apparently broken both in body and spirit—he was, at this particular stage, the most miserable looking mortal I have ever beheld. He was in this old man's broken attitude when, to my surprise, he suddenly straightened his great body, and gazed about one second down the street. After which he quickly turned on his heels, saying, in short peremptory tones —"Quick march," at the same time suiting the action to the words, in sharp military steps. What the people, in their different windows, and on their doors, thought of this change, I cannot say. I looked down the street, and then saw that a police officer had just turned its far corner, and was coming slowly in our direction. My companion waited for me at our end of the street, where I joined him as soon as possible. "It is getting harder every day for a poor man to get a living," he said, when I stood beside him. "Suppose you count the earnings," he said. "We work together well." On doing this, I found twenty pennies to be in my possession, and, at his suggestion, we there and then shared them alike. "Friend," he began, "before we commence again, let me give you a word or two of advice. First of all, you sing in too lusty a voice, as though you were well fed, and in good health. Secondly, you are in too much of a hurry to move on,

and would get out of people's hearing before they have time to be affected. Try to sing in a weaker voice: draw out the easy low notes to a greater length, and cut the difficult high notes short, as though you had spasms in the side. Your object is to save your voice as much as possible, indifferent to the demands of music, or the spirit of the song. When we start in another street," he continued,—but at this admonitory point I cut him short, telling him that I had had enough of—eh—gridling. "What, enough of chanting?" he cried in amaze. "Why, my dear fellow, it is the best thing on the road, bar none. All right," he said, seeing my determination not to make a fresh start, "we will make our way to the lodging house: it is not far from here."

We were soon comfortably settled in this place, and when, after having had a good tea, I was sitting smoking, and enjoying a newspaper, I felt more pleased than ashamed of what I had done; for I was going to bed with an easy stomach, and had coppers in my pocket for a good breakfast. Therefore, when a fellow lodger, a hawker, who was now taking an inventory of his wares, and who had probably seen and heard us singing that day, when following his own calling—when this man enquired of me if the town was good for gridlers, I answered him very pleasantly indeed, that there was nothing to complain of.

After breakfast, the next morning, my companion of the preceding day proposed putting in a good eight hours' work, but I at once cut him short saying that such a business was not in my line. Now, several women were at this place; some of them were married, and some single, and most of them made and sold fancy work of embroidery. After I had spoken so decisively to my companion he had sat near to one of these women, at the other end of the kitchen. This woman, who seemed to be the wife of a knife and scissors grinder, had a little girl of about seven years of age. "Yes," said this woman, in answer to some question my companion had made, "you can have the kid all day; it's not the first time, by a long way, for Mary Ann to be used by gridlers, and she knows as well as

you what's wanted of her." Not long after this remark my companion and the woman's child left the kitchen together. This I, subsequently, often saw done. Almost any woman, if she called herself a true traveller, would lend her child for this purpose; the woman or child, of course, deriving some part of the profit: so that when a man is seen with one or more children, it is not always to be granted that he is the father of them. These children are rarely subjected to ill usage—except that of enforced tramping—but are more often spoilt by indulgence, especially if they show early signs of that cunning which is needed for their future, and which is the boast of their parents.

What a merry lot of beggars were assembled here; and how busy they all seemed to be, making articles for sale, and washing and mending their clothes! two or three of them sitting shirtless during the process of drying.

It has become a common expression to say "dirty tramp," or, "as dirty as a tramp"; but this is not always true, except occasionally in the large cities; although such a term may be applied morally to them all. There is one species of tramp who wanders from workhouse to workhouse; and this man, having every night to conform strictly to the laws of cleanliness, is no less clean, and often cleaner, than a number of people whose houses contain bath rooms which they seldom use. Another species of tramp is proud of being a good beggar, who scorns the workhouse, but who knows well that a clean appearance is essential to his success. For this reason, any one that enters a common lodging house can at once see what efforts are being made to this end. It seems strange to say, but the dirtiest looking tramp is often the most honest and respectable, for he has not the courage to beg either food or clothes, nor will he enter the doors of a workhouse. I have seen this so often the case that I would much prefer to believe a dirty ragged tramp who might tell me that he had a good home six months previous, than to believe his cleaner namesake, who seems so eager to impart this information unsolicited. It is certainly the man who has had a good

home, and has been waited on by other hands, who soon succumbs to a filthy condition, when it becomes necessary to wait on himself by washing and patching his own clothes; and the higher his former position has been the lower he sinks in the social strata.

It is no difficult matter to get company when travelling. The pedlar, whom I have mentioned before, asked me if I was going towards Coventry, and if I intended to do business on the road. To this question I answered that such might be the case, but I could not say for sure—at the same time knowing that it was very unlikely. "Come along then," he said, "and do business if you feel inclined; but, I warn you, it is a very poor road for a gridler." We started at once, and, in the course of our journey I told him everything—my first experience of gridling and my dislike to it, and how my wares had been spoilt by the rain, which had prevented me, through having no stock, nor money to buy it, from earning my living in a respectable manner as a pedlar. "Of course," he said, "you have a pedlar's certificate?" I answered him in the affirmative, and added that I had not earned one penny with it up to that moment.

As we jogged along talking in this way, we came to a small village, when the pedlar, stopping short, asked if I would like to help him to do a little trade. Knowing that something had to be done, as I had but twopence halfpenny in my pocket, I assured him that I would. Hearing this he took two bundles of laces from his pack, leather and mohair, and placed them in my hands, at the same time saying —"You work on one side of the village and I'll attend to the other." I passed several houses before I had the courage to knock at their doors, but seeing him go calmly from door to door, I nerved myself to follow his example, and was soon doing the same, and, as far as I could see, was meeting with more success. This so encouraged me that I was soon regretting that I had no more houses left on my side of the village. But, instead of waiting patiently until he had done, I took a desperate notion and went back to the houses which I had at first passed. After this we jogged on towards Coventry, which we reached that evening.

We worked Coventry together for four or five days, and the result was nine shillings and some odd pence in my pocket. This pedlar was going to spend a week or two with a brother in Birmingham, whom he had not seen for a number of years. But, before we left Coventry, he persuaded me to stock myself with three shillings' worth of stuff, and, said he, "never let a day pass you without doing some business, however little; and never allow your stock to get low." We reached Birmingham, and, after he had shown and recommended a lodging house, he wished me good-bye, with many hopes that we might meet again.

As usual, my first enquiry after I had settled for my lodgings, was for the public library. This place I found so much to my liking, what with its variety of journals, its number of papers, and so much comfort and accommodation for its visitors—that business was entirely out of the question until the third day, when I woke to the awkward fact that my last three coppers were then being spent on a meal. At this I made up my mind to hawk on the outskirts of Birmingham for a month or more, so that my evenings might be enjoyed in its library. But, apparently, I was not cut out for this kind of business. Hawking required a perseverance which I certainly did not possess. For when a person declined to make a purchase, instead of crying up the cheapness of my wares, I walked away dumbfounded to the next house. Yes, the success or ill success of this buying and selling was all a simple matter of tongue. A big able-bodied fellow, with a persistent tongue, can talk charity out of the people who indifferently pass the silent blind man. Of course this business of hawking with a few cheap laces, and a few packets of common pins or needles, was after all only another name for begging, and it was well for us that the people knew it, for they often paid for what they declined to receive. They knew that these things were to be had much cheaper at a store. In exoneration of this fraudulent selling, a man was expected to tell some tale of distress. This I found difficulty in doing, except on being asked direct questions; and the people would often stand after refusing to purchase with their hands in their pockets ready to assist on the first confession of distress. The

number of times people have called me back, after I have left their doors, and assisted me, has often proved to me how they have waited to have their first feelings of pity strengthened by some recital of poverty. No doubt there was some sort of a living to be made in this way, providing a man talked incessantly and went for hours from house to house, and from street to street; and when he failed in the line of business to plead for the sake of charity. It must have been over two hours and my takings had amounted to ninepence, nearly all profit I admit. Looking at this paltry amount I now reversed my former opinion as to the resources of a large city, and came to the conclusion that the small country towns and villages were after all more willing, if not better able, to support me. Therefore, instead of returning to the city I took the road towards Warwick, intending when I reached that town to use my tongue to some purpose. And how many houses have I visited with this same resolution, but, alas, many of the towns were passed through without any one hearing the sound of my voice.

CHAPTER XXIV

ON THE DOWNRIGHT

ON my way towards Warwick I joined company with a grinder, and we travelled socially together towards that ancient town. When we arrived, we lost no time in seeking a lodging house, which we soon found, but, to my surprise, the landlady, a big raw-boned, slatternly woman said, looking sternly at my companion: "I will have no grinders in my house." Of course, I did not know at that time what I have heard subsequently. Of all the men on the road, following various occupations, the grinder is, I believe, the most thoroughly detested. As a rule he is a drunken dissolute fellow, a swearer, and one who, if he picks up a quarrel, which is usually the case, is in no hurry to drop it. The more unpretentious lodgers hate his presence, seeing that he makes himself more at home than the landlord himself. I have often heard travellers tell of a small village in the north of England, which grinders dare not enter, pass through or lodge therein for the night, and it is the regret of many travellers that there are not more villages of its kind distributed throughout the country. It seems that some years ago, a great wind had visited that particular town, and floored the roofs of the houses, and grounded the church steeple, many of the inhabitants being injured, and not a few killed. Now, it happened that the day following this great disaster, two unfortunate grinders, who had arrived in town the night before, and slept at the village inn, appeared in the streets and made a great shout in soliciting orders. Some way or another the inhabitants connected these poor wretches with the great wind, and set upon them, and proceeded to beat them out of the town, coming near to killing

them; and, since that day the town has been visited by neither grinders nor great winds. Even in larger towns these people often experience great difficulty in procuring lodgings. This state of affairs was not known to me at this time, or I should certainly not have been anxious for the company of one of these despised people.

We were admitted at the next lodging house, but even here the landlady seemed to have some compunction at so doing; for she followed us to the kitchen and without saying a word, placed her two hands on her broad hips, at the same time looking severely at my grinder, as much as to say—"If you are going to start any of your capers, let it be at once, my hearty grinder, now I am watching you, and we'll soon see who's who." We sat down quietly, and the landlady, thinking that this attitude had had its desired effect, left the kitchen, not forgetting to throw a last glance at my grinder, who was trying his best to hide his nervousness by puffing hard at his pipe and nearly choking in the attempt.

Some ten or fifteen men were in this room, some of them busy preparing work for the next day. Two were busy making artificial flowers; one was working with copper wire, turning and twisting it into toasting forks, plate holders, and hangers to suspend flower pots. Two others were in the rag and bone trade, for I had seen them when I first entered, overlooking their stuff in the backyard. One man was a pedlar, for there was his pack, towards which he often turned his eyes, in distrust of his company. One was a musician, for there, sticking out of the top pocket of his coat, was a common tin whistle. "There," said I to myself, glancing at a man on my right hand—"here is the only respectable working man among them all." This man had on a clean moleskin pair of trousers, a pilot cloth coat, and on his neck a large clean white muffler. "Grinder?" asked this man, catching my eye before I could avoid it. "No," I answered, "a pedlar." "Oh," said he, "I didn't notice you carrying a pack when you came in." Alas! my little stock could easily be carried in my pockets. "No," I answered, "as a rule I don't carry much stock." "I shouldn't think you would," he said, glancing at my leg, "a

bible ought to be enough for you, and a good living too." Now it happened that when I left London, I had made room in my pockets for two books which, up till that time, I had very little opportunity of reading. One was the bible, and the other was a small printed and cheap paper cover edition of Wordsworth. So, hearing this man mention a bible, I became extremely curious to learn how a man could earn a living by carrying a book of this kind. Seeking this information I said to this man—"I shouldn't think that there was much money to be made by carrying a bible." "Why not," he asked; "if you carry in your hand a decent rake (a comb), a flashy pair of sniffs (scissors) and a card of good links and studs—that is certainly a good bible for a living; but there is not much profit in a pair of stretchers (laces) or a packet of common sharps (needles). As for me," he continued, "I am on the downright, and I go in for straight begging, without showing anything in my hand. That grinder, whom I thought you were with, and am glad you are not, works very hard at dragging that old ricketty contrivance with him all over the country; and is he any better off than I am? I never fail to get the sixteen farthings for my feather (bed), I get all the scrand (food) I can eat; and I seldom lie down at night but what I am half skimished (half drunk), for I assure you I never go short of my skimish." Being curious to see this man at work, and to hear the tales with which he approached people, I told him I would accompany him the next day as far as Stratford, that was if he had no objection to my company, as I also intended to visit that town before I made my way towards London. To this proposal he seemed perfectly agreeable.

The next morning arrived and after having had breakfast, we set out. We had scarcely set foot outside the lodging house, when I saw this downrighter dodge in and out of shops with an astonishing alacrity, more like a customer than a beggar; but with what success I could not tell. He seemed to go in smiling, and to come out the same, until we were at last at the business end of the town. He did not confide in me as to his success or failure; but generously invited me to a smoke. We filled our pipes, but just as I was about to strike

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